

The Ship That Never Came Home.

We have mourned over those sailors who died in the service of the nation, and we have put the Maine's men with the Lawrence's, with Perry on Lake Erie. What is more, we have regained faith in ourselves as a nation; politics and quibbling and the dollar have been forgotten, and we have stood out loyal and strong. It has been a lesson showing the world that in a period of stress we have not lost ourselves in hysterics, but instead have been calm and self-help. If the men of the Maine died, their deaths did national service, and showed that old-fashioned patriotism existed. Now there was a man of the Maine of whom there's a story. Some stories are true, although they may be called stories.

John Dene, seaman, United States navy, was a hero when he was in his native town. It is a little town, with a long street, among the Southern New York hills. Dene would return on his frequent leaves, and people would point him out.

"That's Jack Dene," they would say, "awed by the mystery of over the seas that lay in his swinging gait—the sailor's broad lounge."

Dene would sit on a sugar barrel in the grocery when the gossips congregated, and whittled and talked of their neighbors' affairs as they do in small communities, and would spin the most wonderful yarns that ever were heard, of far-away mystic putz justice, of pirate and pig-tailed Chinamen, of sunny beaches in far-off seas, of what Lieutenant M. or Ensign F. was like, of things he had done or seen. Perhaps he was inclined to exaggerate what he had done; that was but his human nature; he had done a deal, or he had done a little. You would think—and there were those, on other boxes about that rural club, who believed him—you would think that the whole management of the great ship had been his; that he had attended the village school with him, were quite awed by him. He brought to them, whose lives and experiences were lined by the New York hills, the breath of the sea, the world, of strange adventure and romance. As for the policy of the government, they discussed that, too. They talked of Hawaii in an exhaustive way that would have astonished a congressman, who might have put his presence there, counting grocery if he had felt the need of votes; and as for the Spaniards, and what was going on in Cuba, Dene had but opinion.

"Those dagoes!" he expressed it. Now the antagonism of Anglo-Saxon and Latin Spaniard is an old matter, dating before the Armada, and intensified by the contest of the two races for ascendancy in the western hemisphere. The two great peoples fought, and went to diplomacy, with all its intricate associations. Oh, well, you know that old story. You know how one of the greatest empires since Rome's divided until only two West Indian islands were left, and now if an American or English sailor has a particular aversion, it's for your Spaniard. Perhaps they hate us quite as devoutly—the rank and file of the people. The impertinence of these Americans to encourage, if not officially, at least with their papers—and their filibusters—this Cuba which is ours by right of Christopher Columbus!

Dene, on his sugar barrel, would talk this over. He was quite confident that we could blow them, if not off the earth, at least off Cuba.

So you must picture our sailor villager returned with quite the air of a man of the world. For all the time of his duties—when he was part of that great machine called the American navy—when he had no mind save to obey orders—he had now, on these brief periods of leave, the rare privilege of being as your man of the world—as the village conceived a man of the world; of being a bit of a boaster. He was Jack come home again.

Now, up the long street was a little house with twenty acres about it, where lived a good woman with no pride in the world greater than this same Jack Dene. When he was away, she worried about him. Every night she would kneel by a white bed and pray for him and think of him, and perhaps cry over him, as mothers will. Mothers bring us nearer to God; if all the world turns on us they stand out for us; they forgive and fear for us as Jesus of Nazareth forgave and feared for us.

John Dene in the company of this little faded woman was as modest as the little faded woman had been if an officer had suddenly passed.

But there was a girl. It's good for a man when there's one particular girl. He was rather boastful in her presence. It's nature's flat that all creatures—including man—should strive to be before the female that has taken the heart. Sallie had taken John Dene's, surely enough; it dated from the time when he had been boy and she tomboy together. To Sallie, Dene (this is an old, very simple story) posed the hero—until, ah, you know that until!

And then he was as modest as ever you please.

As a reaction from this modesty he would return to the grocery and pose again. As for Sallie, he really had no need of posing before her; he was heroism and perfection itself for her.

Home joys and pulls at our hearts, wherever we may be. A man who hasn't the home-feeling is at best a poor creature. Far over the seas Dene would think of two persons, Mrs. Dene and Sallie. The coterie at the grocery referred to him, on their part, as a man who had gone into the mysterious, great world again.

As for this leave, it came to an end.

Dene reported, and was assigned to the Maine.

His greatness faded; he went through his routine, obeying orders, doing his work, a unit in the American navy.

There was a man named Davidson, who was Dene's closest friend on the Maine. He had been a person of some considerable property and social position, who had knocked about a deal, and had ended by squandering both the money and social position. Then he enlisted in the service; the regular life had cleared up his moral obliquities, and he had become a very decent sort of a fellow and a good seaman, certainly.

They were talking one day as the Maine lay in Havana harbor, her great guns fronted towards the old, strange, agitated city. Near them lounged a sailor who had advanced the opinion that:

"Suah, we could blow 'em into the moon."

"Spaniard's a Spaniard," said Davidson.

"Tricky," said Dene.

"They'll stab you in the back. Now what if there were a mine right under us?"

"Oh, they don't," said Dene.

"I have heard all Havana harbor is mined. Why shouldn't it be? Now they hate us badly enough—that's certain."

"Suah!" said a black sailor.

"Well," Davidson, the talkative went on, "I have heard that there are a dozen persons who have keys to this mine—now—"

"If one should take a key and send it off?"

"That's it. If one should. Suppose, war was declared, I wish to God it was."

"We'd have to obey orders. That's all I'm thinking about."

Really, he was thinking of something else—of somebody. He had received his mail that day, and there were two letters. One read:

"My Dear Boy—I am in some way so worried about you. I am afraid. It's a mother's way. Do be careful, and don't

think too much the way sailors do when they are on shore. Everybody in town peaks splendidly of you. I see Sally often, too, and she misses you. I never thought her quite good enough for you. You will excuse a mother's saying that. But she is your choice, Jack. But it's all this war with Spain they talk about, which worries me. Oh, my darling, do be careful. What could I do without you? I suppose you want to hear some of the village gossip. They say Tom Turner is keeping company with Mary Tucker. Old Judge Willing died yesterday. They say Bert will get the farm and Jenny the store in town, where the judge's office was. But I can't write about these things; I am thinking all the time of you, my darling."

And what Sallie wrote I need not put down here. It was probably a very fool-

ish little letter, but indeed a very meaningful one to John Dene.

Dene and Davidson were by themselves now, talking.

"I guess I'd like to get into a fight," Davidson was saying.

"Don't think I'd care about it," said Dene.

"Got a girl?"

"The big boy blushed."

"Maybe," he said, after a moment.

"It's better for a man to be married, perhaps," Davidson commented. "Perhaps I shouldn't have been such a blamed fool once upon a time; maybe, too, I'd have been a worse one."

"Maybe," said Dene, and he added: "Do you really believe there is anything in that yarn you were spinning about them blowing us up if they wanted to?"

"Why, of course—of course they could if they wanted to."

"But they'd end by getting most awfully licked," Dene remarked.

"You know what a Spaniard is," Davidson said, "and what a Jap is, what an Irishman, and a Frenchman, and an Englishman, and you can say that one will do one thing, and another, under the same reason following a thing."

"Oh, well, we are safe enough," Dene said, rather contemptuously of his companion's talk, when he himself believed in the infallibility of his ship and his officers and the flag over all.

The ship was like some great human thing; after you had been on board a week she became personified. She had her heart, her lungs, all her different organs; she felt and breathed. "You were part and parcel of her—a bit of her mechanism, of her being—acting your part through the will reaching you from your immediate superior."

Dene stood looking at the Spanish ship—rather contemptuously, perhaps,

but still remembering what Davidson had said. Why should he think of that? And then a little village among the high New York hills framed itself in his mind—a girl's face and an old woman's.

"Aye, aye, sir," he said, pulling himself together from his day-dream.

III.

But though he was a simple, strong, healthy fellow, not given to much imagination, that night he dreamed a strange dream. Perhaps the letters he had given Davidson's chatter this effect on him.

He thought he saw a little, dark, swarthy person groping in a dim place, and the man's face terrified him; for it had in it intense hate and purpose; and then the vision cleared, and it showed a room quite distinctly where were three men, all talking earnestly, one in uniform; and they pointed out of a window, and he saw the white Maine.

"It may come any moment," the little man, whose face Dene had first perceived in the vision, seemed to be saying.

"They want Cuba—these Yankees; they keep us from doing what we wish. Now we should take our measures promptly—the change that offers."

And then the scene blurred and another opened.

It was a strange place he looked at, and gaunt, horrid, starving, brutish creatures were pushing and struggling over pieces of bread that were thrown them from a window. And some had no bread, and turned away moaning, until death came and took them.

This is Cuba, thought Dene in his dream; "this is Cuba, and these men in the room have made it so—the men I saw. I am here, we are here, to make these people better; and so the man—the men I saw—hate us."

And again he was looking into the room where the three men were, and they were talking with the same earnestness.

"Oh, the pride of Spain! these Yankees keep their religion in this dream. And they pointed outside to the Maine."

And again the scene blurred, and cleared a little; this was a dim place, and the man he had seen first, was groping, and he could see a long, sinewy hand reached forward to a little button, and—

And just as he came to the heart of his interest in it—too faded, and there was not so much a picture as a general vision.

It seemed as if all the parts of the ship that he knew so well were talking, and again they were singing a low dirge. It was like a song he remembered at a country funeral, and the parts cried out one to another:

"God help us!"

He was awake suddenly and looking about him with fear, he knew not what; about him were the men in their hammocks, swinging gressomely to and fro.

And then something happened. The whole ship shook and arose, and he was tossed about. The next thing he knew he was on deck. He heard one say to an officer:

"I have to report that the ship was blown up, sir."

The officer gave Dene an order that would take him below.

"Aye, aye, sir,"

For a second he saw a quiet village among the southern New York hills. Dene turned to obey his order.

IV.

The priest had absolved his communicant, who closed his eyes with a sigh of relief and then of pain. A surgeon was leaning over a near-by cot. A man adjoining wondered where he was, and how he came there. A nurse asked him if he would have water, and he smiled and shook his head; and the room dimmed, and he was sitting on a sugar barrel, talking and boasting, and the coterie listened to Jack come home.



EVERYTHING WAS HIGH.

Bell—Everything is so high at the seashore.
Nell—Yes, I noticed that, even the bathing suits are.

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French Foulard gown from Harper's Bazar.

Foulards continue to be popular, partly because of their adaptability to flounces and other touches of decoration which require a soft clinging texture.

A dainty creation of violet and white foulard is made with the favorite circular ruffle, which borders the skirt, and is carried up the front in decreasing width. It edges also the guimpe waist front and back and the wrist of the small close sleeves.

Quaintly pretty is the corsage, which is trimmed about the bust, with the encircling frill low in front, one side crossing the other and passing over

the right shoulder to the back, where it is carried down over the arm to meet the crossed-over part of the front. The left sleeve is decorated with a double frill.

French embroidered batiste in cream white is used for the guimpe and sleeves, which is a desirable mode for this material. The corsage is a simple full waist, tight-fitting in the back, and the collar is a straight close band. The seven-eared skirt hangs smoothly in front, with full folds behind.

The proper cut of this gown can be obtained only from the cut paper patterns published by Harper's Bazar, where it appears.

Quantity of material for gown—silk, 1½ yards; embroidered batiste, 1½ yards.

THE ONLY REASON.

Jones—Saw a messenger boy running to-day. Philosopher—Case of life and death?

Jones—No. Dinner.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

Nellie—When yer gits big will ye buy me one o' dem watches?

Billie—Naw. Dem's oney fourteen carat an' ye use is eighteen carat fine, an' don't ye fergit it.

HE "SASSIED" A GENERAL.

Disobeyed Rosecrans's Orders and Told Him Why.

Detroit Free Press: The late General Rosecrans ran up against a Tartar once, but he had the good sense not to let his ruffled dignity cause him to lose his temper. The story, as told by Colonel James T. Sterling, is as follows:

Company A of the Seventh Ohio, was formerly the light guards of Cleveland, and was one of the best drilled companies in the army. It was commanded by Captain Creighton.

The Seventh Ohio was in West Virginia in 1861, and "Old Rosy" was in command. The supplies for the army were brought up the Kanawha river in boats, which were unloaded by details from the regiment. General Rosecrans had ordered that the soldiers on duty must wear their equipment.

Company A went out to unload a boat, and Captain Creighton permitted the men to take off their equipment and their coats as well while engaged in this hard work.

When the work had been completed the men and officers sprawled out on the grass for a rest, and then General Rosecrans and some of his staff rode up.

The general looked at the soldiers a minute and then called for the commanding officer. Captain Creighton did not know General Rosecrans, but he rose to the feet.

"Who commands this company?" asked the general.

"I do, to the best of my ability," replied the captain.

"Don't you know, sir," inquired the general sternly, "that it is against orders to allow the men to remove their equipment when on duty?"

"I have heard some such order," replied Captain Creighton, but the man that issued it never did a day's work in his life. When my men have to work hard I'll see him in the other place before I'll let them sweeter with their equipments on."

"Old Rosy" stared at the cool captain a moment and then rode down toward the boat.

A soldier approached Captain Creighton and said:

"Do you know who that is?"

"No, and I don't care," said the captain.

"That's General Rosecrans, the commander of this department."

"Where?" ejaculated Captain Creighton.

"Company, fall in."

Without a decision it was the finest company in the command. When the general and his officers rode back from the boat the company, in full equipment, stood in perfect order and gave him a "present" in such splendid style as to attract his attention.

General Rosecrans returned the salute and requested the captain to put him through the manual. When it was finished the general raised his hat, turned to the captain and said:

"I think that a company that can handle muskets as well as that should be allowed to unload a steamer without anything on, if they want to."

Business Success.

A small, bright-looking newsboy appeared on the boulevard on Saturday afternoon with his arms filled with evening papers, and a board, such as "sandwich" men carry, hung from his neck, on which was printed:

HUSH!
Noise is a nuisance. I don't want any extras, but I have them all for sale. Buy of me and prevent shouting.

The word "Hush!" was printed in big black letters, and it captured the attention of every passerby. The people who live along the boulevard or within shooting distance of it had been annoyed all day and a good part of the night by the yells of extra vendors, and this boy's scheme caught on at once. Every man who stopped and read the sign bought a paper just to encourage the silent newsboy, and his rivals, who were shouting themselves hoarse, looked as if they were simply awaiting an opportunity to "do him up."—New York Sun.

His Honor's Mistake.

"Aha! another case of wife-beating. I suppose," said the judge, sternly, when there were brought into the court room a great, raw-boned giant of a bully and a tiny, shy meek-looking little woman of about eighty-nine pounds weight.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, sir?" said the judge, sternly. "A man who would strike a woman is so low in the scale of human degradation that there are no words in which to express his cowardice and baseness. A man who will be so untrue to his vows as a husband as to strike his wife is too contemptible to live. Come, my good woman, let me hear your story. Do not be afraid to speak freely. You are under the protection of this court, and no harm shall be done to you from him."

A bright light came into the tiny woman's eyes, a crimson flush came into the wan cheek, and her voice cut the air like a two-edged sword, as she said:

"Yer off yer perch, yer Honor. He never licked me I'd smile to see 'im try it on once. It was me as licked him! That's what I'm here for."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Bob's Either Way.

Glady's—Don't go, George. Don't leave me! Don't run the risk of losing your life and leaving me to mourn for you all the rest of my days. How can I endure the anxiety, knowing that you are in danger!

George—There, darling, don't worry. It's all right. I'm going into the commissary department.

Glady's—Oh, George! That's even worse! How can I ever marry a cook?—Chicago News.

Found it a Success.

"Have you ever tried the plan of co-operative housekeeping?" asked the young woman with the troubled look.

"Yes, indeed," answered the jolly young matron.

"Didn't it prove a failure?"

"Not at all; it was a complete success."

"Really?" exclaimed the young woman of the troubled look. "I don't see how it could be. I tried it, and it was a miserable fiasco. We never got where we wanted to, and it seemed as if there was some kind of a squabble in progress all the time. But may be your co-operative system was different."

"Maybe it was," admitted the jolly matron.

"Would you mind telling me what it was?"

"Not at all. You see, I co-operated with my husband. I did the ordering and he paid the bills."—Chicago Post.

Spread of a New Word.

A lady went to a Boston book store to purchase a certain reference book. She wanted a copy of an edition having an appendix to it, and said so to the saleslady, who, after looking over the shelves for a moment or two, held up a copy of the book and said to another clerk:

"Say, Mame, have we this here book with an appendix to it?"—Harper's Bazar.

A Not Unusual Experience.

Washington Post: There was a meeting of a certain women's society a night or two ago, and patriotic enthusiasm ran high. The spirit of music awoke in somebody's breast, and that somebody began to sing that most unsingable of national airs, the "Star Spangled Banner."

It went on bravely along for the first verse, with only a crack or two on the "rocket's red glare." The leading spirit began the second verse. Some of the women sang "tra-la-lu-lu," and some

A DIFFERENT CUT.



Bobby—Mamma, do you want my knife?
Mamma—Why, dear?
Bobby—Mrs. Brown is at the door, and you said you would cut her the next time you saw her.

His Fighting Spirit High.

Stopping Outlets Preferable to Trying to Check a Woman's Tongue.

Washington Star: "I was down in the mountain region of West Virginia last week," said the returned special agent of the internal revenue department, "and I happened upon one war incident down there where you would suppose people had enough fighting of their own to do without going to foreign countries for it. One morning—as I was riding through a lonesome valley I came upon a house at the turn of the hill, and as I passed a man came out and joined me, taking the side of the road, as is common on mountain roads when there are a rider and walker going in the same direction. 'How far is it to Sam Morgan's?'"

was the first question I asked.

"Old Sam or young Sam's?"

"I didn't know there were two."

"I thought I did. Two weeks ago, when young Sam got hitched and rented the Mullins farm. It's two miles to the old man's."

"Do I keep right on this way?"

"Yes, follow the creek, I reckon," he said. Then he went on: "That is likely to be a war, isn't it?"

"That's what most people think where I come from."

"What's that, mister?"

"Washington."